AT THE PISTOL'S POIN

CHAPTER IX .- (Continued.)

Neither of us answered.

'Tell me all, Forrest. Let's see if there is not a ray of hope somewhere.' He shook his head sorrowfully. "Let me begin at the beginning."

said slowly. "I suppose you know all about the Brand trial." "Your trial for killing Brand? Yes

You were convicted on the testimony of James Lee and Ellis Enland." Yes. But I did not kill Jake Brand.

I swore it at the trial and I swear it now. I never told a falsehood in my life. The story I told at the trial was true in every respect. James Lee and Then he learned to his astonishment. Enland deliberately lied."

"The bitterest part of it all was the cover our flight. disgrace that was heaped upon Bea-

'Reserve that, Mr. Forrest," I said. killing of Enland."

ful attendant. She did not accept my Beatrice. conviction with resignation. She is young, you know. She rebelled at the in bringing me to ths. Her mind was constantly at work on a plan to escape.

"At first I tried to stop her, but she finally convinced me that I ought to get out if I could, and try to discover some evidence that would bring the crime away.

Henry Validon was my night keeper here. He often used to talk to me about the trial. He did not believe I was guilty. He was a poor man, Vaildon, and was not over and above honest

Well, there is no use in going into all

"It was believed that Valldon went east and I west. That was the result of Vaildon's own shrewdness. He did not care what became of me when he had done what he agreed to do. But he did not wish to be caught himself. So we exchanged clothing.

where, leaving my prison garb on the way. I wore his keeper's uniform till I

Syracuse, enclosing a note to Beatrice. Her brother managed to convey the letters to them at Lee's. You know how It was you who warned methat the Lees were coming. They thought it was Enland Beatrice was to meet. In her excitement she had left

Beatrice, she joined me. She left Lee's house dressed for a ride, believing this to be the most certain way of account-

ing for a long absence "Norah had provided some old clothes, which were hidden in a ruined cottage near the mill. Beatrice and Norah changed their clothing there, but assuming male garb, some old duds

Springs I saw on the outskirts of the illage a man I at once recognized as

'God knows, I had reason enough to hate the fellow, but no thought of rengeance entered my head. We struck into some woods, until a train of empty coal cars came along. They came almost to a stop at a siding, and I put Beatrice and Nora into one, and clam bered in myself. On that train we came

empty freight car going West. Of couse, I knew that the chances of escape were believe Forrest innocent of this secsim, but I feared Enland more than crime, he would be glad to do so. that Enland was following us. He had on Beatrice. bundle in his hand. Near Syracuse we were discovered

by a brakeman and put off the train. struck off toward the West, poor Beatrice almost dead from hunger and things clear. James Lee was in love exhaustion. I found that taking her with me was going to hinder my escape. friends they became rivals. That is the 'I talked with her about this, and she agreed to it. It was certain that Beatrice?" three of us could not run away as easily as one. Beatrice decided to go back to in Syracuse. I don't know the num-Syracuse with Norah, who had people ber. there, faithful to her and Beatrice. So we parted. I kept on, till I reached a farm. I was hungry and tired myself, Her brother is a whitewasher and her

he was in the same boat I was.

Beatrice, and how, as Enland, he had tried after the trial to win her. But she, hating him for his testimony against It seems that James Lee was also trying to make love to her, these rascals tak ing advantage of her helpless position to force their attentions on her.

"But they had a quarrel, Lee and Enland did. Then Enland told me that in

The Lees were trying to compel he to marry James. The parson is poor, and the few thousand I gave Beatrice

that Beatrice had been married to Thomas Firfin at Pawmuc Church, and had gone away with him. He wondered what this meant. He investigated and learned that so far as the marriage went it was true, and also that Beatrice

nad gone from Lee's. "He continued to investigate, and nung around the parson's, keeping al-ways under cover. He saw you ride there. He heard you and the parson talking. He said he had tried to at-tack you, but had made a mistake. I new have learned that William Lee was shot. That was what Enland meant.

Enland deliberately lied."

It was certainly strange that a man would deny positively a murder that had resulted in his being sentenced to life imprisonment and yet confess with resulted in his being sentenced to life imprisonment, and yet confess with equal deliberation the commission of another that could but send him to his death.

tracing us he found in the old cast off, and my letter to her, which, in her agitation, she had once more left behind. He took them along, he said, to

"Well, now to his demands. Of course trice," Forrest continued. "Poor girl, by that time Beatrice and Norah were she was ostracised by everybody. Peo- at Syracuse. Enland said that if I ple said she had a good home in John would consent to a marriage between Le's house. She lived in a perpetual him and Beatrice, we would all go tohell! Oh, those Lees!" he added bit- gether and begin life anew in some other

part of the world. "Of course I would not consent to We must get the thing into shape and any such thing. I told him I did not order. I shall ask you some questions know where Beatrice was. We had about that by and by. Now I want to some words, and he threatened to put get at the story of your escape and the the police on my track. His taunts and threats maddened me. He also said that "Beatrice used to come to see me once every month," he said. "She was accompanied always by Norah, her faith- me returned to Auburn and then find

"From words we came to a fight Neither of us used a weapon. But I law and hated all who had had a hand was the stronger, and I struck him somehow in the head or neck and knocked him down. He lay there a minute like a dead man. Then I saw that he was not dead. I did not want a cold blooded murder on my mind, and I ran

"I continued for a day or so, always hiding at nights in barns or woods. Then I was found by Detective Carter in an old barn on a farm about ten or fifteen miles east of Syracuse.

"When they told me that Enland was dead I knew I had killed him. But what I cannot understand is how he managed to get back to the hotel before he died.

Forrest paused, and I knew his story was done. I sat a while looking at him and the warden. The warden had not spoken a

word. But now he did.
"That is a different story, Forrest," he said. "When you confessed to killing Enland why did you not tell all this?" "I am now talking to a friend," replied the prisoner simply.

"It is liexplicable!" I said. "There were no marks of a struggle on Enland. Did you see any?" "No. I don't think I marked him at

all. "It seems scarcely possible that a man could go from that farm to a hotel tiful. to Syracuse suffering from a blow that there.

"Oh, I think it is possible," said For-"I know I hit him, and that he rest. is dead. What more is there to say?" "What day was it on which you met Enland and struck him?"

"I think it was Thursday." "But he was found dead Friday after-

"Eh! Friday? Perhaps I am mis-I can't remember-I was dazed all the time. Worry about Beatrice and wild. Perhaps it was Friday I hit lettered sign, reading:
him."
"Mrs. Trumble, Lawnders."

"It was the day you and Beatrice parted company.'

"Yes."
"Then if we get Beatrice to tell us

could not go from Thursday till Friday badge. You could do nothing with afternoon suffering from his death blow When we reached Richfield and no one know it. The proprietor of the hotel swore at the inquest that he was in and out several times that day." "Oh! Oh, don't give out false hopes!"

cried Forrest, almost bursting into tears You've got the head to unravel this thing, doctor," said the warden. "Find the girl. If that blow was struck Thursday Forrest did not kill Enland.

We were all excited now. Forrest began ot hope. His apathy gave way to a nervious excitement. The warden showed that, if he could believe Forrest innocent of this second

did the police. I did not know then had no doubts myself. It all depended 'Where can I find Beatrice?" I asked "I must go after her at once. I did want to ask something about her life at Lee's. But you have made a few with her and so was Enland. From

> main thing. Now, where shall I find "Norah's people live in Canal Street

"But you must know the name. "Trumble. Norah's name is Trumble

Ellis Enland. I thought he had come want a lawyer if this thing comes to to take me back to prison. But he a trial. It seems strange to try a man declared that if I obeyed him, he would for murder when he is really under sendo nothing of the kind. He hinted that tence for one. But I suppose they will. Do you want the same man who defended you before?

"Larkin? No, I think not. He did not em to be as able as your cousin.' "James is a good lawwyer. Perhaps can break down his prejudice enough to get him to help me," I said.
"But he is the attorney for the State

"Not in this case. The man was struck and died in another county." I requested the warden to keep For rest out of the dark cell in which is

had been confined. "I am convinced," I said, "that the order to escape recognition by Lee, and to win Beatrice, he had gone there as that of bribing an official and breaking jail. And, if you or I should be sen tenced for life on false testimony,

> "I'll do it," said the warden, warmly 'You are a good friend, doctor. I hop you will discover something." I hurried from the prison and took th first train to Syracuse. I went at once

> to police headquarters and asked for Detective Carter. In a short time he came in respons

Had you a clue that led to that empty

not wish to say anything before. Of course, at the inquest over Enland I could not, because I was out hunting for Forrest. But it was Enland himwas Enland himself who put me on the track.'

He sought me out on Friday morning and told me that he had been out in the woods shooting and had seen a tramp he believed to be Forrest, skulking toward the west. I followed the tip and got my man.

"And-was-Enland-did Enland show any traces of a blow-the blow thateventually killed him?" I asked in suppressed excitement.

"Blow? No, he had not received any blow up to that time, I think. The blow that killed Enland must have been struck during Friday afternoon. I saw him about 11 o'clock Friday morning, and he was all right then. "And did he say when he had seen

Forrest? "Yes, the day before-Thursday af-

A great flood of joy welled up within me. I was getting at something that began to look like truth.

CHAPTER X.

The Shadower Shadowed. When we reached a mean and miser able section of Canal Street and Carter told me that this was probably the por-tion in which we would find the Trum-

bles, I felt a thrill of disgust. To think of Beatrice in one of these vels! A young and beautiful girl, of refined and educated tastes, compelled to hide away in such a place and with to other companions than such negroes

as I could see around me! But hide away from what? It had not occurred to me before that now forrest was caught Beatrice could reurn to-I had almost said the Lees.

But that was impossible. She had no other friends to whom, in her extrem ity, bereft of the companionship and protection of her father, she could turn. An unaccountable eagerness seized me. felt a great desire to see Beatrice.

It was not only that I wished to solve the problem and do the best I could for Forrest. It was not merely my interest in the amateur detective work I had undertaken. It was not only that I felt that the young girl needed my pro-

I was actuated by an honest desire to Beatrice herself. I now knew that she was of noble character. knew from the first that she was beau-

I found myself dwelling more and more on the fact that Beatrice was hy wife. I thought less of annulling the wife. mariage, and more about how Beatrice would act when she learned that I had not taken the stap I promised. Detective Carter made inquiries, and

I saw him show his badge to one of two reluctant negroes. "This is the house," he said, pausing efore a shanty of much cleaner aspec

than most of its neighbors The fact that this was the bouse was patent enough without Carter's infor about being caught and all, made me mation. In one window was a clumsily

Alongside the front door was a board on which the information might be

"William Trumble lives here an' doe

"I think, doctor," said Carter, as h "We went through Bridgewater and other hamlets, and eventually reached day, and he died in that hotel Friday, I out of them than you. These negroes will talk when they see a detective's will talk when they see a detective's

"Perhaps," I said. "But if they ar friends of Beatrice I am--' Before I could finish, the door was opened and a stall, slim young negre

stood staring at us. "Watchu want?" he asked abruptiy

eyeing us with no friendly glance.
"Your name William Trumble? I
want to get some work done in your line," sald Carter. "Oh, yassir. My name William Trun

ble on de sign, Bill for short. Whar you place? Watchu want done?" "Well, there are several rooms-by the way, do you do paper-hanging?"

want done.'

rooms and the amount of work I need. Let me in." A glint of suspicion came into the eves of "Bill for short." but Carter's foot was in the doorway, and in an-

other second his body had followed. I kept close behind him, and Bill retreated gradually before us with an ex pression of fear now growing more and

from Carter as the detective walked through the dingy hall into a living

"I'll find them. Keep a stiff upper lip. "You don' want no whitewashin' forrest. I'll do what I can. You will done!" exclaimed Bill. "You mus' be a-watchu want, anyhow?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Carter, sink-ing into a chair that had about half a seat and even less back. "I'd like to see Norah.

Lec's, near Utica. You see, I know all

"I do' know nothin'. I tell you I do' know nothin'. But what dat Norah been doin', now?" "Nothing wrong. We want to fin l her because we want her testimony to

Mr. Forrest?" "No, no. But for him. You know

not. But we must have Norah and eatrice to get the truth." Bill Trumble was a young man. He dey do dat, an' sleep here mos' one did not seem more than nineteen, but I night. Well, de nex' day Norah she

seemed in imminent danger of falling about his feet. He rolled his tongue around in his mouth as though he was ewing his words well before he spoke

do' know nothin'," he averred "I ain't seen Norah in long zain.

"Now, think a minute about that, You tnow who I am, do you not?' "I do' know your name. I done guess ou police off'cer."

"Yes, I am a detective. See?" Carer exhibited his badge, and Bill nodded. Plenty niggas rund here knows dem badges," he said. "I ain't done never got tooken up. I live hones'."

"Oh, I know that. I even had to ask where you lived. You see, that proves ou were never suspected." "Yas," said Bill quietly. He was not in the wincow.

be caught with salt of this kind. "Now we must find Norah and Miss I said. Forrest," continued Carter. "We know that they came here. Are they here They have been hidden from us. We Forrest," continued Carter. "We know

There was a wealth of quiet sarcasm

n this, but Carter did not seem to notice "Come now," he said. "We are not out of town.
I resolved to do a little hunting alone nemies. We're friends.'

is both. It was clear that he was by o means convinced of the truth of Carter's statement. "Ef you say so, mus' be so," he said

with a grin. "But tell me dis. What de penalty fur carryin' money to bribe guard in de prison?" His eye was wholly shut by this. His

instead of opening his mouth, had locked it. He feared that Norah and Beatrice were to be arrested for their share in Forrest's escape "Where is Mrs. Trumble?" asked Car-

"On de sign in de window," said Bill, with another grin. "But Mammy Trum-ble done gone home wid some wash."

The fellow was delightful. Had I from front to rear. I fumbled around to make sure I was alone. I discovered ter of Beatrice and her father I should in the back, in one of the corners, two lined by ramshackle houses that affordhave enjoyed a continued conversation empty barrels. with the black boy. But as it was I was delighted to hear

the front door open and an individual did not even know just-what I hoped suddenly the negro swung into an aveenter, blowing and puffing like a por- to gain by playing the spy on the Trum- nue lighted with electric lamps, and Tell yo' what," said the deep voice of a fat negreess, as she came through

dese mans?" 'Police off'cers lookin' fur Norah,' said Bill quietly. The fat mammy sank on a bench that happened to be handy

"After my Norah! What she done?" "Nothing wrong," said Carter. "In fact, we want Beatrice more than we do Norah. We are in need of their testimony to free Mr. Forrest from another charge of murder.'

The old woman began rocking to and ro and shaking her head. "Mus' be dat Norah knew dat w'en she didn't come home," she said, "Mus' be for a fac'. What yo' do dar, Bill

Trumble? Yo' grin out'n de wrong side yo' face fore long!" Evidently we were not getting on.
"Look here, Carter, you have frightned these good people," I said. "Now, Mrs. Trumble, I am not a police officer.

This gentleman is merely assisting me find my wife."

ok at my face. "Am yo' dat man? Well! Well!" "I am the husband of Beatrice. See, ere is my marriage certificate.' Trumble took it in trembling

nands, and Bill crowded in to see it. "Yo' go 'way, Bill Trumble!" she ied. "What yo' know 'bout ma'iage stifficates! yo' min' yo' business, I min' ny own.

"Jes' one t'ing, I say," she remarked. "Yo' done got de bressedes' lamb fo' er place of Beatrice, wife eber dis worl' done saw. Dat Bee- "Who," I asked r trice Forres' my precious sweety all dem years. What! yo' t'ink I let my Norah so far an' work fur dem Lees? No It jes' dat lubly Beetrice what keeps

"I appreciate all this," I said. "And want to find my sweet wife, I "Well, I'll have to do some figuring know that she must have come here to to give you the dimensions of the hide when she parted with her father, you can undoubtedly tell me where she

> "I do' know nothin' 'bout dat," said the woman. here a good deal, I guess,"

"No, I have not hung around at all. just found the place." "Den who dat man what hang eround

"I'm sure I don't know. I want to find my wife and give her the protec-tion she needs. Will you not help me? Mrs. Trumble seemed torn between emotions. She rocked to and fro and rung her hands and hummed a tune. "I tell yo' what!" she exclaimed after "I can't tell yo' whar dey is. Beetrice, she say w'en she go, 'Now,

"It looks that way," I assented. "But you can at least tell me if she has been

"De' ain't no law agin dat," said Mrs. Trumble. "Hey, yo' Bill Trumble, stop dat shakin' yo' fool haid! I done tell a lil' story to de gemman." 'Yes, do," I said. "Tell me the little story in your own way.

"Hit jes' like dis," she began smooth-ing her apron on her lap and her emo-She ain't desert dem nohow. Well, dey hab much trubel and triberlations, like

Forrest is captured and he thinks he investigation in the captured and he thinks he investigated a man named Enland, while we gedder nohow. Mr. Forrest he big an strong, an' Beetrice she small an' weak. So she an' Norah dey come here. Yas saw that all his senses were alert. He go out an' buy some fresh cloding: Hit did not propose to be caught napping. seem wrong fur dem two ter be wear- Bill knew well.

And I do not blame him for his in men's clothing. But Norah she say ariness. I did not think highly of dey bo git sent ter prison fur life if or whoever the second man might be.

thair, I was standing near the door dey whisper some moah an' dey say dey Eill in the middle of the room. He go way. Beetrice, she makes me promgave a hitch at his trousers, which us not ter say nothin'. So I doan' say

nothin' 'bout whar de go, only 'bout dem bein' here. See, now?"
"But I need her," I said. "I would not do her any harm. I will protect her and Norah from all harm. They shall

not be sent to prison." But the woman shook her head. "I done gib my promus, an' I ain't

break hit fur yo'. "Come, doctor, we have learned all kies Jubilee. we can here, said Carter. We can here, said Carter.

I did not like to give up, and essayed once more break down the reserve cf in another murder?

the faithful old negress. "Yo' kin take me ter prison an' lock me up," she said. "I neber tell yo' murder mysteriously committed was the nothin' till Beetrice gib me leab."

will find them tomorrow. guess you know more about Norad dan her brudder."

Carter took our failure very coolly.

But to me there was a stretch of long, anxious bours morrow." I accompanied Carter to the police headquarters, and he found awaiting him imperative orders that took him

nemies. We're friends.

Bill half shut one eye and looked at for it was by that time late in the day and went to a hotel and got my supper, I was impatient all the remainder of the afternoon, and gladly welcomed the darkness that I felt would somehow assist me in my search. It was, for-tunately, a cloudy night. When dark-

ness had fairly settled upon the earth went again to Canal Street. His eye was wholly shut by this. His according to the house occupied by ing merrily, and Lee stealthily dogged the trumbles was a small unused shed. his footsteps, keeping always some discount of the house occupied by ing merrily, and Lee stealthily dogged the trumbles was a small unused shed. I say unused, but it was now littered with brushes and pails, no doubt the property of the energetic Bill Trumble,

whitewasher. son, black or white, was in sight, I slipped in.

The shed was probably fourteen feet empty barrels.

As may well be guessed, I had even it was no difficult matter to steal along

It was possible that Beatrice and in the same manner. Norah were still in the house, and that the hall, "after this, Bill Trumble, yo' Norah would go out in the darkness to

done take dem wash to-Golly! Who finish her interrupted shopping. Sheltered by the darkness of the in-terior of this old shed, I took up my position near the front, which was all open. If any of the Trumbles did come place of my wife and her faithful at-

I had not been in the shed long when heard the tramp of some one coming own the street. It was too dark and the gas lights too dim for me to see this pedestrian very well, but I saw that it was a man. He seemed roughly dress-

pass without detecting my presence. o my astonishment, he stopped in front the nearest lamp post for me to see through his parted lips, and the old woman leaned forward to get a good this hulking rambler of the night, as he looked up at the door of Trumble's

shanty, and then peered into the shed as though he would penetrate every secret of its darkness. Evidently satisfied with his scrutiny, the man stepped just within the shelter of the shed and stood exactly where I had been standing a moment before. He uttered a grunt of satisfaction.

and this startled me. Something in his voice, as well as in She solemnly read the paper and his manner, seemed familiar. What was his purpose there? The same as my own, undoubtedly, to learn the hiding

"Who," I asked myself. "had the same interest as myself? Forrest was in Auburn, and could not egin a search for his daughter, even had he reason to do so. Ellis Enland was dead. There remained, beside my

self, only James Lee. I felt a thrill of wild excitement as I saw the hulikng form dimly outlined in the background of light. That it was Lee I had no doubt.

The chief of police of Utica had promised to look up Lee's movements, but I "Yo' done hang eround had not taken time to ascertain if he had, I guess." I feared that the beating of my heart or my short, excited breathing, would attract the attention of this man. But

in' scare dat bressed chile mos' to his whole attention was absorbed with his watch on Trumble's front door. Thus we waited for an hour or more -the stranger motionless at the edge of the shed front, and I crouched behind the empty barrels,

Then there was a stealthy opening of Trumble's front door. A footstep was heard on the stoop. Then a voice, easily recognized as that of the laundress. "Now, yo' min' yo'self, Bill!" she hispered. "Doan' yo' betray nothin'

"Done cotch a lot ob fish ound erbout dat place." With that the door softly closed and the big flat feet of Bill went down the front stoop as softly as Bill could by any possible means compel them to go. The man in front was peering out, watching the form of Bill as it went

view, my fellow-occupant of the shed started noiselessly after. No sooner was he out of the shed than I slipped from my hiding place and took his deserted post. I now watched him.

own Canal Street. When it had gone

the shed, quickly crossed the street, and followed. It was a wildly exciting chase, though

fingers itching to grapple the man ahead of me by the throat. He was an enemy. He was trying to ness. Mile after mile the negro tramped nd-my wife.

I ground my teeth together in a warlike determination as I slunk along in the shadows, now stopping, now hiding in some doorway, now hurrying from a tree to a telegraph pole to take advantage of the could, of course, see nothing of Lee nor did I hear a footfall or sound of tage of its shadow.

Bill Trumble kept steadily on, and now he began to whisttle "The "Dar-

It seemed as though whenever James

nothin' till Beetrice gib me leab."

I stepped out into the street with Carter, and as I looked back I saw the grinning and triumphant face of Bill in the wincow.

"I half believe the girls are there,"

L said.

CHAPTER XI.

The Ending of a Strange Chase.

It was, without doubt, easier for me follow James Lee unsuspected than it was for Lee to follow Bill Trumble The whitewash artist feared discovery was cautious, looked frequently around and had no other weight on hind mind. Lee, on the other hand, did not think of an enemy on his own trail, and had

his mind fully occupied in keeping himself hidden from Trumble, and keeping For Lee did not know where Trumble was going, and to lose sight of the wily negro for a moment was to lose all nope of continuing the pursuit. There

fore, Lee rarely looked behind. Bill went on at a rapid pace, whistltance in the rear.

Inside this shed was totally dark. 1 We met several pedestrians, for in a city watched my chance, and, when no per- of that size it is no unusual thing for I searcely men to be out late at night, or all ing. But my excitement increased as night. more difficult. While Trumble held to streets lighted only by gas lamps, and

> lined with stores brilliantly illuminated Here Lee allowed a greater space to grow between him and the man he was

a bundle under his arm. He was, unbut, I intended to follow and ascertain doubtedly taking a supply of clothing, in that manner, if possible, the hiding and perhaps food, to his sister and her charge. Lee was in disguise, and I was not.

Therefore, I stood in much greater dan-ger of discovery than he did. But this danger did not last long.

It soon appeared that Trumble had taken that well lighted street only as a short cut to the northern boundary of d, and walked with a slouching gait.

He was approaching the shed, and 1 gloomy lanes, without having discovered that two pursuers were on his black sea of the night where I never withdrew to the rear to allow him to

track. The chase would have been ludicrous I slipped down behind the two barrels I had discovered. Dark as the night lety. The sudden dives into dark corhad it not been for the fact that my I had discovered. Dark as the hight was, there was just sufflient light from the nearest lamp post for me to see while keeping hid from both, the dan-ger of losing Trumble or of falling across Lee-all made up a most exciting

> Had Lee been less eager to keep his eye on Trumble, and more suspicious of oursuit himself. I surely could not have succeeded as I did. But Lee was so bent on discovering the hiding place of Bea-trice that he seemed to feel no caution save that of preventing Trumble from discovering him. We crossed a railroad bridge where New York Central runs under a

> poad running north and south, and then Trumble descended into a narrow cut through which this railroad continued for a distance northward from the city. He soon left this, however, and struck off across country. It was a totally dark night. The oon, if there was one, was obscured

> by heavy clouds. It became no longer a matter of eyesight. The chase was one of ear. Bill Trumble, had he been less a real negro, would have silenced that eternal whistle. But he had come thus far, so he supposed, without pursuit, and now all danger was past.

jogged along. There was no longer any reason to

So negro melody, one tune after

she the same gait. any mans come here, tell 'em yo' doan' by yo' foolishness. Doan' yo' stop fur tainly had the best of it. He was so much nearer Trumble that he could follishe that the could follish the could f

There was no longer any reason to skulk or dart to cover. It was all cover. Lee had only to keep near enough to hear the whistle of the darky. This was the sound I was also following, but I was compelled to avoid running into Lee. He made no noise as he crept along. He made no noise as he crept along to red this. It allowed Trumble to keep so far ahead of me that the whistle came but faintly to my ears. I knew that between him and me Lee was going at the same gait.

In this part of the chase Lee certainly had the best of it. He was so much nearer Trumble that he could follow more easily. I was in danger of falling so far behind that if Trumble should stop his whistling and take a new course, I would lost all trace of him.

And each moment I feared this would be the case. When the darky finished a tune and there was a temporary pause while he selected another from his extensive repertoire, I felt a chill of apprehension lest, after all, I was going to be outwitted and Lee gain the coveted knowledge.

But I think Trumble was afraid of the dark. I have known people, not only negroes, but others, who, when traveling alone on dark night, whistled or sang to keep up a brave showing of personal alone on dark night, whistled or sang to keep up a brave showing of personal to think we were and there was a showing of personal to think and the courage.

But I think Trumble was afraid of the dark. I have known people, not only negroes, but others, who, when traveling alone on dark night, whistled or sang to keep up a brave showing of personal to think and the courage.

I do not know the true philosophy of this, it is possible that a midnight robber or assassin will hesitate before attacking a whilstling or singing man, My experience with that gentry has been limited.

I never had any dealings with any but James Lee, and he certainly was not the far enough to make the pursuit safe, prehension lest, after all, I was going ret not so far as to be entirely lost .o to be outwitted and Lee gain the cov-

man to stay his hand because his vic

tim whistled a lively tune. enough," he said. "I'll go with you now."

Carter was a pleasant fellow, and did not the course I should not seem inclined to boast about the not seem inclined to boast about the capture of the escaped prisoner.

"I would like to ask, Carter," I said, "I would like to ask, Carter," I said, "how you came to find Forrest. He

wariness. I did not think highly of dey bo' git sent ter prison fur life if dey git cotched.

"So dey hide all time. Den wen No-have his way until I found it advisable to Beetrice bout er what hangin round dis place.

"So dey hide all time. Den wen No-have his way until I found it advisable to Beetrice bout er what hangin round dis place.

"I would like to ask, Carter," I said, "how you came to find Forrest. He

Carter was sitting on the dilapidate!

Carter you have a rescaled in an inight of the wind in order to discover the second man magnet. Was following Bill in order to discover the hiding place of Beatrice, and this ran could be actuated by no honorable was following Bill in order to discover the hiding place of Beatrice, and this ran could be actuated by no honorable with hiding place of Beatrice, and this ran could be actuated by no honorable with hiding place.

Carter's methods. They were orthodox.

"So dey hide all time. Den wen No-have his was following Bill in order to discover the hiding place of Beatrice, and this was following Bill in order to discover the hiding place was following Bill in order to discover the hiding place was following Bill in order to discover the hiding place was following Bill in order to discover the hiding place was following Bill thrilling with eager excitement, my ward knew, almost directly northward. But what a walk that was! Mile after mile we reeled off in the inky blacs

> faithfully to his tunes. nor did I hear a footfall or sound of

> I wished to satisfy myself in this regard but did not, for a time, hit upon plan. At last the doubt became so trong that I resolved to try a rather bold scheme.

> I left the road, crawling through a wretched rail fence, and got into a big field-probably pasture land, judging from the odor and lack of evidence that the land was tilled. Getting about two hundred feet from

> the road, I started in the same general direction, guided still by the negro's whistle, and ran at the top of my speed to head him off.
> This did not take long, but I was

> compelled, before I came up to him, to cross the dooryard of a sleeping residence, blissfully ignorant of the comedy, drama, or tragedy that was being developed along his dusty road. But, although I was sure the farmer was asleep, he might have dogs that were not. And, indeed, a dog did bark. For a moment Trumble ceased his

whistling. It was that which had aroused the dog. But, the animal not showing himself, I kept on, and Bill esumed his musical selections I passed him and returned to the road. At this point a low hedge shut out some plowed land from the road. I crawled into this so that I was not more than ten or twenty feet from a person pass-

On came the whistling negro. ng merrily, and Lee stealthily dogged his footsteps, keeping always some diswalking with a slouching gait, the I was about the same distance behind bundle under his arm, and a great stick Lee. I made it a point when possible he had picked up-perhaps for defense, to take the opposite side of the street. perhaps as an aid to walking-in his I scarcely breathed while he was pass-

soon as he was safely past. For now I

evidently on the same side that I was, and I shrank back a little in the hedge. The footsteps grew nearer, and a form passed me-so near that I could almost up to this time no well-defined plan. I step by step and keep Lee in view. But have touched it with my outstretched hand. The low, quick breathing was eas-The man was walking in a crouching

> osition, keeping well down by the hedge. He was making use of every shadow that would aid the darkness of following, and I was compelled to do the the night in hiding him. I was almost tempted then and there When Trumble came into the glare of When Trumble came into the glare of the electric lights I saw that he carried of the chase. But caution held me back.

The unsuspecting man was certainly at my mercy. But, if I attacked him, what would be the result? I certainly did not want to kill the wretch-not that I would have regretted his timely death, but I had no earnest desire to commit an act that would place me where Robert Forrest was at that moment. And, if I did not kill him with a silent blow, he would give an

could find him again. I allowed Lee to pass as I had Trumble, and then crawled forth and took Remembering the words of the old woman as Trumble had left the house, I began cudgeling my brains to think of a robable spot where there would likely

be an old boat that could serve as a hiding place. That Beatrice and Norah were hiding n an c'd boat seemed certain. I knew, in an cld boat seemed certain. of course, that it would be an easy mat-ter to find an old boat on the shore of Onondaga Lake. But the negro did not seem to be traveling toward that lake. In fact, since leaving Syracuse, at the head of Onondaga, he had been getting

farther away from it.

the same objection, that Trumble was not going toward it. Of course, I had but little knowledge of direction then. but I judged that if we had diverged at all from due north, it was more to the eastward than the westward. I thought of the Erie Canal, but that lay miles behind us. I knew the Oswego Canal came into Syracuse some-

Then there was Seneca River, open to

ed to visit an old boat on the shores of that placid stream he would travel along its silent towpath. Still, he might not have done so. Had I been in his place I would not have

where, but I thought if Trumble intend-

whistled eternally. I knew there were plenty of small streams in that part of the State, and it was perhaps upon one of these that another, came from his pursed lips as he the old boat lay. But there were few that were navigable for boats large enough to afford shelter to two women

James Lee, and he certainly was not the TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.

and I received some food from a woman. mother a laundress. I found a place to sleep in an old barn. 'Imagine my surprise when in walked Ellis Enland, I thought he had come

order to escape recognition by Lee, and Thomas Firfin. He wrote notes to Beatrice, thinkng that a young girl must be romantic. But my girl is a pure girl, think we would try the same game.

was a fortune to James. But she not listen. In fact, since my thal she has scarcely spoken to James

home to the real murderer. 'So, at the last visit it culminated.

details. Suffice it to say that we talked it over, and he agreed to help me escape for a certain price. Beatrice had worked hard teaching music, and had saved all she earned, and also what her guardian allowed out of my money. She brought this to me, I gave it to Vaildon, and on a favorable night we left the

"He went west, wearing a new suit he purchased somewhere, I don't know managed to get hold of some old duds that made me look like a tramp. "I had written to Norah's people in

the letters in John Lee's house.
"When you went to find the pony for

of Norah's brother. As three tramps we started away from Pawmuc. days hidden in hay stacks and in the

judged he had committed a crime also. "He went on to tell how he loved me, would have nothing to do with him.

Dr. Stagg. She paid no attention to his

Well, to return to England. He said In was and what I wanted.

nough," he said. "I'll go with you

ad gone some distance from Syracuse.

"Well, yes," he said, laughing. "I did

"Enland?"
"Yes, I knew Ellis Enland very well.

"Oh, yessir. I do anything watchu

more apparent on his black face. He was not a bad-looking negro. But was a ludicrous figure, backing away

"Who dat Norah? Watchu mean, anyhow?" gasped the negro, with his eyes starting from his head.
"Your sister—the one that worked at

daughter came as far as Syracus Noran steals rides on de cars, an gas particular far as Syracus steals rides on de cars, an gas particular far and here with Miss Forrest. Now jes' like de tramps.

"Well, hit seems dey can't go on to"Well, hit seems dey can't go on to-

clear Mr. Forrest of the charge of mur-"What dat? Norah testimony 'gainst wid pore Mr. Forrest an' pore Beetrice. Forrest broke jail, and Norah and his de pilgrims in de book. Dey gits hunlaughter came as far as Syracuse with gry an 'weary an' most worn out. Dey

"Guess I know him," said Bill with a chuckle.

s he had watched Bill Trumble.

so still and stealthy.

There was no doubt that Bill Trumble was going to see Norah and Be-

When I saw his dimly outlined form just fading away in the darkness, I left

strice somewhere, hiding in an old boat